States, the weak government, creeping inflation and so on. Occasionally they will defend their country against attacks by local Communists, but their defense is seldom as strong as their criticism.

It is easier for a foreigner to learn to love or dislike America than to understand it. The emotional slant usually develops on the basis of first impressions combined with the personal predisposition of the immigrant. Some fall in love with this country, despite the hardships they meet at the beginning, because it is different from what they left behind them; others reject it, because it is different. . . . In either case, the immigrant's emotional attitude toward the past determines his appreciation of contrasting features in the American scene.

Before telling about our life in the United States, I will try to describe what we have found here, in the New World—the land, the people, patterns of feeling and thinking, political ideas.

THE LAND

The American scene captivated us. The open horizons, borderless expanses, and endless variety have a particular charm for us who have known the spell of the Russian steppes, the Siberian rivers and forests, and the wild ranges of the Caucasus.

We had an insatiable desire to see the new country, from coast to coast and from the Canadian border to Mexico. To our passion for travel was added a more serious purpose. As an economist, I had to deal with the economic problems in various parts of the country and, at the beginning, felt lost among the geographical subdivisions of the United States. Such terms as New England, Deep South, Tennessee Valley, the Midwest or the Great Plains were empty words to me, without visual associations. They inspired a desire to see these areas with my own eyes. Emma was no less eager to explore the United States, which was becoming increasingly our country. During our first fifteen years here we spent all our vacations traveling by car, and we have crossed the country fourteen times from coast to coast and eight times from the Canadian border to the Gulf and the Rio Grande.

There is an indescribable magic in the variety of the American scene, from the green hills and tiny towns of New England to the tropical swamps of Georgia and Florida; from the metropolitan areas of New York and Chicago to the plains of Kansas; from the lofty peaks of the Rockies and the High Sierras to the deserts of Arizona; from the bare canyons of Utah to the luxuriant orchards of California. Almost every aspect of this panorama has its counterpart in Russia,